Just 202 for com

PROPERTY OF RONALD HUBBARD

736 - Fifth Avenue

Relena, Montana

June thirtieth came at last and we were eager to trade the humdrum life of Frisco for the quiet restfulness of thirty-four days at sea. When the President Madison pulled away from the pier, I felt a catch in my throat at leaving the United States for even a short space of time. The ferry building gradually receded and then the Golden Gate was gone from view. Miles of tumultous water surrounded us and the great engines of the ship throbbed on into the west.

Even the deck stewards looked rather bleary next morning and a crowd of pale faces decorated deck chairs and the rail. Seasick? "Certainly not. How silly! Only something we ate!"

Mother felt fit as a fiddle and was tackless enough to show herself above. Thus making herself unpopular with the menu-broadcasters for the rest of the voyage.

I had fun playing a game called shuffle board and another called deck golf. Some of the men kept talking of salt pork and slippery cysters, but I kept my colors flying through pitch and roll.

Six days later at dawn we hurried on deck to view Hawaii. Coming into the harbor at Honolulu, all the beach boys swam out to the ship to dive for quarters. It used to be pennies. Thus has the Hawaiian developed his commerce.

A Hawaiian princess aboard was received by the Royal Hawaiian bank, and a quartet of fat, brown women greeted her with native songs. Friends greeted friends with less of flewers.

Friends of ours showed us the town and country. The Pali is beautiful and historie. Two thousand warriers jumped to their death from this cliff rather than surrender to the king.

Hawaii is quiet, peaceful and interesting. Nobody hurries. There may be a law against it.

I swam at famous Waikiki and rode a surf beard. The waves here are much longer than those in California and sometimes attain the speed of sixty miles an hour.

At four we told our friends' Aloha! Leaving Honolulu filled us with regret and we stayed on deck for two hours watching the city and Diamond Head fade into the distance.

- Westward tugged the ship's twelve thousand horses. Ship's life of eating and sleeping, reading and games, each day pretty much the same, dancing one night and movies the next. Two days out of Honolulu summer clothes were replaced by winter overcoats.

The second engineer took me in hand and showed me over the ship, a complete city afloat; the galley, spotless with shining equipment and Chinese cooks who grinned and displayed blank teeth; the great engines; the fireroom, so hot the plates were red and the oil fire white; the metal "Nike" which guides the ship by radio.

Still hale and hearty we began to anticipate Yokohama, the city of the earthquake. Fujiyama came into view fifty miles at sea, first seen above the clouds. A symetrical cone, it has a celestial beauty that distinguises it from all other mountains. The pink robe of snow suggests a garment for royalty.

Early in the morning we began to wind our way among the reefs that menace the harbor entrance to Yokohama. Japanese subs, sea planes and destroyers gave us the lockover.

Guarding the harbor entrance at one time were two forts, for at the time of the quake Japan was all set for a nice, little war with someone. The South fort was hideously scrambled and seventeen hundred men within its walls were crushed. So shaken were the foundations that it cannot be rebuilt and the bodies of the soldiers could not be recovered. The other fort lost a thousand men in its falling walls, but it has been rebuilt.

Maving passed quarantine, our ship went in alongside the dock. Only the huge concrete base was left after the quake and the warehouses were not rebuilt on the dock. After seeing Yokohama one can realise what a horror an earthquake can be.

On the seaward side of our ship the unloading took place in great lighters. Aboard these lighters families make their homes and the women work beside their men with babies strapped on papoose fashion.

Ashere we saw sights that make the slums of our own cities almost tolerable. So few of the poor were clean and many covered with sores. The rickshaw boys' clothing had a permanent cocoon look, but the rickshaws were clean with white laundered covers and we enjoyed them. Yokohoma is uninteresting but it has a sinister look after dark and we were glad to get aboard our ship and put to sea.

At nine o'clock the next night we reached Kobe. All the passengers went ashore, some to shop, others to go to eat Skaki and drink Saki. (IMcidentally we got stuck in a shopping party and it was not until after we were in Guam sometime that we had our Skaki dinner, cooked especially for us by the Japanese restuarant proprietor.)

Kobe's Main Street is a brilliantly lighted, highly pirated shopping district for the especial attraction of tourists. To purchase real Japanese articles necessitates visiting the dark narrow by-streets, and small upstairs shops where prices are surprisingly low.

The shoes worn by these people are heavy things made of wood, held on by clenching the toes. They are left on the outer step of the house or shop, so that the acquiring of a pair of new shoes is simplified.

The clothes of the men consist of a European felt hat, a grey cloak tied with a big sash containing pockets and a pair of shoes about four inches high. The women wear trousers, ankle length, a high-necked, loose sleeved coat and slippers. Their hair is combed straight back and held with hair pins. The geishi girls wear the fancy head dress and the big bow decorated kimona and shoes five inches high.

Going back to the ship in our rickshaws about one in the morning, we saw many beggars bedded down for the night in the dirty streets. They lay down to sleep anywhere any time sleep overcomes them. They were a diseased looking lot.

Next morning we were steaming through the famous inland sea. Queer little boats were around us. The land each side rose in mountain terraces intensively cultivated. Water and sky were a deep blue. About four in the afternoon we passed two cities on opposite shores, about two miles apart. Ferries were plying back and forth, huge chimneys on factories smoking and evidence of great activity. Picturesque at a distance, the close-up was probably the usual congestion of pepulation and the dirt. Only at cherry blossom time or in the romantic novel do I believe there is beauty in Japan.

The most impressive sight in all the ports was the great amount of shipping, all the commercial countries of the world were represented. Fishing is a great industry and in the Inland Sea there were thousands of fishing boats. Some of them were queer ones, with eyes carved in front and a little man with a big hat and a short coat worked the unweildy oar that served as rudder. These boats carry the entire family. Cooking is done on a charcoal stove, the invariable meal boiled fish and boiled rice. Flour is unknown and other vegetables are too expensive.

The whole channel is dotted with hamlets. In spite of the gree, terraced hills, there is a dreary look to it all. It doesn't look the happy land pictured so in stories.

We knew when we reached the Yellow Sea for it is aptly named. We reached the Yangtze at nine in the evening and lay outside all night. At daybreak we sailed into the dirty but swift current. There is an enournous delta fast pushing out to sea. The mouth of the river is so wide and the shores so far away there is little to see. Where the river divides, entering the Whang Po, the real river sights begin with ships of every description and nation.

The first flag to greet us was the stars and stripes floating over the stern of a destroyer. Millions of fishing boats and junks caught out attention. Some of them were tied up to the wharves and had not been away from their moorings for three hundred years. They had eyes carved on their bows and a shark's tail on the forward mast. Some of the people on these river boats had never been ashore.

At the Dollar docks two miles above Shanghai we anchored. No customs to bother here and we went ashore at nine o'clock in the morning. Such a ragged, discrepit lot of chinese were around the water front. They live worse than anyone in the world and earn about fifteen cents a day when a job can be had. (Fifteen cents Mex at that.) They can live on ten centavos a day, rather exist.

Such a racket unloading ship. Two coolies can balance five hundred pounds on a bamboo pole and trot off singing. One cries "Yahee" and the other in turn "Yoho", a tone or so lower. Just those two notes over and over. It is weird as a death chant. It goes on from dawn to dark, all to earn fifteen cents mex.

The puffy little "Billy Dollar" snorted up to the landing and took us over across the river to Shanghai, the "Paris of the Orient." The two miles down the river and advess takes nearly an hour. A crumby Portuguese man-o -war swung at her cable. Alongside was an American destroyer very smart and snappy. Farther down were the Pittsburg and more destroyers and the transport Henderson. French, English, Japanese and Italian war vessels added to the formidable appearance.

Little fishing boats have an annoying way of rushing across the bows of the big liners. They do this to cut off the river devils, and often they barely miss being cut in two.

We took a French ear through the Bund to the Palace Hotel in Shanghai. Mr. Moran of Seattle, chief officer of the Madison, borrowed a ear from a friend in Shanghai and his chauffeur took us through the British and French Concessions, up Bubbling Well Road and across to a small part of the native city outside the barbed wire entanglements. Cikh policemen were everywhere. They are big dark bearded fellows and in their turbans and short trousers of khaki look picturesque. They carry great rattan sticks and a rifle slung across the back. Tommy Atkins was very much in evidence and the American marines, as well as Japanese and British marines.

Rickshaws were thick as sin. The drivers run or pather take a swinging pace. The Jap mickshaw man does a bouncing trot.

Opening down the main avenue over which our ear traveled were hundreds of narrow intriguing streets, teeming with life. Great fish floated here and there and paper banners hung overhead. The stores were stocked with every sort of junk. Dried fish rattled on strings in the wind. Queer looking foods and drygoods were side by side.

On the outside of the British concession I saw a British tommy take a chinaman by the coat and knock him across the street. The unpoliced part of the native city is forbidden ground. On the Bubbling Well Road is the girl market, but this place is now used to quarter British soldiers.

On this road is a beautiful hotel once the home of a Chinese gentleman. The grounds are laid out with pergolas and fountains and the hotel has tapestries and mosaic tile floors.

The French concession is untidy and the buildings are all behind high walls.

We joined the Madison crowd for the tiffin at the Palace Hotel and afterwards visited some of the shops. We saw flawless jade and wonderful tapestries and rugs. Only the junk was sheap and that was not worth carrying home.

Mong Kong came next. It is a city very British on the surface and very native underneath. Just off Queen Street the district is all native and very dirty. Beggars sleep on the sidewalk at night and all day cry for "cumshaw."

I found a tiny shop that sold little Amoy eats. They are made of mud and covered with gay paper coats but they are so built that the heads pivot on the bodies in the breeze giving them a jolly air.

After watching a company of Tommies dressed in shorts, wearing heavy toppees, drill in snappy fashion, we proceeded to board a tram to the peak. The peak is a high mountain overlooking the harbor heavily fortified. The tram made the steepest ascent I have ever seen. It ended about five hundred peak from the very summit and from this point rickshaws and drivers were ready to carry passengers to the top. Five thousand feet below the ships looked like toys in the harbor.

Hong-Kong has an extremely low humidity and is very depressingly hot. We returned to the Hong-Kong Hotel for refreshments as usual. A jolly lime squeeze suited our thirst. By that time I had purchased an elephant hat and was tempted to wear shorts and be as comfortable as Tommy.

Hong-Kong is built on an imland and the Dollar docks are on the mainland. The money is all mex (worth one half U. S. gold.) The ferry trip from Kowloon across to Hong-Kong costs a nickle.

On the Kowloon side the walk to the Madison led through the inevitable mass of working coolies, very dirty and not caring where they spit. The heat was insufferable by afternoon and aided by our first tropical rain we were not sorry to leave.

Two days later we arrived in Manila with very little ado. Manila bay is a big body of water, very dirty. The tide was so bad we could scafcely dock. We had a struggle trying to unload our luggage.

Away from Hong-Kong we rather regretted that our trip was so near an end. The dancing, the excellent cuisine and all of the pomp were things not easily discarded. However, I was anxious to "lamp" the "Gold Star" which was to take us to Guan.

Every ship we'd pass, some frivolous passenger would sing out " there's the Blue Star." They had the naval ladies worried sick telling them about the horrors of the Typhoon belt from Manila to Guam.

After a hard docking against tide and wind, we found ourselves confronted with a baggage problem. A let of lazy, ignorant natives gathered our grips and rushed out; then our trunks were banged away. We followed them to the dock where they were put in the hot stuffy customs enclosure, which is sheeted with corragated iron all the way to the roof. It was as hot as a boiler room, and all so unnecessary.

They have one entrance which is about four feet across that has to take care of everything. Such a stinking mess. We finally got our trunks through with the aid of my Spanish, especially the curse words.

After starting them to the "Gold Star" which lay up the bay at Cavite, we heaved a sigh and looked around us. All was open lots an the nearest building was a mile away from the sheds called dooks. We hopped into a carrameta and went to the Manila Motel where Mother and I indulged in a glass of "lemon squeeze". This is the tropical and oriental name for lemon, sugar and a cherry. Lieutenant McCain asked us over to his home in the Cavite Navy Yard.

The next day found us in different environment. We rested until two when Mother went calling with Mrs. McCain, and I went sight-seeing with the Lieut.

Cavite is surely a queer place. We looked the shops over and then the various forts. San Antonio, Guadalupe and San Felipe. They surely are interesting.

It seems that England and Spain had fought over the Philippines four times. The English had the place the least, so the atmosphere is Spanish. All the old guns have been dismantled, but the emplacements remain. Such an awful place in which to fight. The places were traps as it takes four men to even open a door. There are tunnels connecting all of them to an ancient cathedral which is un-used and filled with snakes, bats and trash. Very mysterious. I looked it over well when Mr. McCain told me that millions in Spanish gold were buried in those tunnels. Some day I am going back there and dredge the whole place, Maybe.

The "eppel" wood is very durable, as a rudder which had the date of 1432 on it, was found under the water by an old sea wall. These quaint adobe forts have lasted for over three centuries and though worn, they are far from the breaking point. The naval powder house is one too, very strongly and grandly built.

That night we went to "Dreamland" (where one can hire girls to dance with them for five centums.) Of course we didn't dance because by doing so one loses cast. The Charleston has just hit them, but its too hot (I mean the weather.

Next day Mother and I went to Manila on a little 6-80, very rough indeed. As we had some shbpping to do, we took a carrameta (a queer horse drawn buggy, with queerer, savagely acting drivers,) to the walled city, which is separated from the city by a most. It is very quaint and dirty, with a large number of lazy filipinos loafing about in it.

Being very short on whites we were taken to a tailor shop. Upon learning our errand, the proprietor seated us cordially and rumnaged about among boxes. Then he took me into an anti-room where he begged me but to loosen my trousers. He virtually undressed me and then showed me a good duck suit which I e.k'd. after trying it on. After I had dressed he bowed in front of us and wondered if he could do us for anything else.

After our exit we went here and there looking things over and finally ending up at the Army & Navy Club where we took on more lime squeezes.

We weighed anchor the next afternoon aboard the "Gold Star" upon the last hop of our momentuous journey to Guam. Then ensued seven days of rough weather and rotten grub.

The officers aboard ate at a separate table and seemed to remain very aloof from their twenty passengers. That sure was a gosh-awful trip, but then I didn't get seasick as the naval people immediately considered was the style.

Toward the end, I sure was ashamed to look fried shrimps in the face again. Even my Uke and Sax failed to cheer me.



Late in the evening we sighted the isle of Guam. It was not much, in fact, just a low line on the dusky horizon. The navigator took his bearings, and we stood on and off all night,

When morning came we steamed sautiously up to the harbor and then in through the reef-bound mouth. A 6-80 same out to meet us and apparently no customs or medical inspection meed be. Dad was on the next small craft, and we were sure glad to see him.

The island as a whole did not look bad at all, and I had high hopes which were later plunged earthward. The green of the hills fascinated us. The redroofed houses added a touch of warmth to the scene while the sum added a touch of warmth to me.

We soon went ashore in the governor's gig. At the boat landing several cars, much the worse for heat and wear, were parked. Into one of them Dad piled us, bag and baggage and we were whisked the five miles up the shore to the city of Agana.

On the way we saw a hundred thousand strange sights. The odor of copra, and nipi shocks predominated. A great abundance of dirty chamarros and mangy dogs littered the otherwise clean street. The roads in Guam are very substancially made and are kept in a good condition.

Those people are really more or less savage at heart, though on the surface they are fairly educated and civilized. Their intelligence is much higher than that of the philipino, but their pugnacity is lower. They speak one of the thousand Maloy tongues. This dialect is dying out under the legal languages of Spanish and English. I understand that at the beginning this dialect contained grammar and numbers. Originally it consisted of some two thousand words and idioms. Gradually through the declining years it had simmered down to the mere smattering of three to five hundred idioms. The Spanish has played a large part in it so that most of the words can be traced down to it.

The one thing I could not help but notice was the abundance of everything. Manely: coseanut trees, chickens, children, insects and dirt. The navy has made the place habitable, but a great deal of the old order remains.

Guam was "captured "by the U.S.S. Charleston on date . When she anchored in the harbor, she fired a shot. In reply to this the commandante of the fort sent word that they were sorry they could not return the "salute," and that the fort was totally devoid of ammunition. It was the easiest capture in the annals of history. Those people were so isolated that they did not know that a war was in progress.

During the world war, prior to the entrance of the U. S., a German wessel, light in the water, steamed into the harbor of San Juan d 'Apra to intern. After that, the Germans led a happy life. For the most part they were liked by the natives and Americans and were welcome wherever they went.

Sometime during the night, after our entrance, the cable station received news that war had been declared upon Germany. The next morning, early, the aide to the governor stepped into a launch and rode out on the M.I.M.S. Cormorant, which had lain in the harbor for so long. The captain of the German beat saw the small launch coming and suspected that the fated word had come. He donned cocked hat and sword and strode to the gang way to meet the commander. With a snappy salute the commander handed the skipper the official order for the absolute surrender of the ship and men. The German's face grew purple with rage and with an air of the dramatist, told the commander very profanely that he would surrender the men but not the ship. As he had only a handful of men, the aid turned on his heel and again boarded the launch. When the latter was some three hundred yards from the boat, the commander turned and gazed back. Men were jumping from the ship at every conceivable point. Daring the sharks that are thick in Apra harbor, they made for the shore. The commander picked up a

great many of them, but ever sixty were drowned. In the midst of their efforts, the Americans heard a great roar and saw the great ship split asunder and sink. The captain was rescued but a number of men were blown up with her or were stunned by the force of the explosion. Eleven of the bodies were rescued and are now arranged in orderly rows in the Guam cemetery. The rest of the men were held prisoners for some time until they were paroled. The German vessel with 500,000 dollars in her, still lies at the bottom slowly rusting away.

The only theory is that the captain had previously placed great charges of high explosive beneath each mast and then touched them off from the bridge himself.

The island is rather unsettled inland. The Spanish had it long enough to make several interesting touches in the customs and to leave many antiques of great value. Outside of this they have nothing to show but a depleted population, and the establishment of the Catholic Church.

It is said that at one time, the language and people were very civilized. At that time there were supposed to be one hundred-thousand inhabitants. These people were killed off during the great small-pox epidemic, late in the nineteenth century. There are only 15,000 natives at present.

The superstitions are intensely interesting. The "great cheese ghost" is named "Tadamona." He is supposed to dwell on "Nissionary Point" and to ramble around after midnight. He has a man shape at times and attains the height of the occount trees. Again he is seen in the form of a beautiful woman. The former brings sickness and disease, and the latter good luck. Should youask a native whether or not he has seen either of them, instead of saying "yes" he explains them and makes ambiguous remarks about him.

It is a known fact that the island at one time was a kingdom because of the "latis" sacrificial stones, and graves that have their feet to the sea. They were also cannibals at one time as the remains of several feasts are reputed to be in evidence.

A grade school is maintained in order to teach the legal language, which is English. The youngsters seem bright enough, though they of course have not the quickness or cleanliness of the American boy or girl. They are fairly vicious underneath. This is proved by the incident which happened in the schoolroom of Johnny Cook, another American boy teacher. A little Chamarro jumped up in the classroom and badly cut the ears and face of another boy with a small knife. Once their friendship is won though, they are very loyal.

Our house-boy, Jesus, was typical Chamarro. It sure was tough on him to see me depart. He was shock-headed and his skin was nearly as dark as his hair. It seems queer to me that they take the name Jesus for so many of their children. I do not think that there are over a dozen names are the whole island. The one next in abundance is "Inaquin" which is followed by "Francisco" and "Francisca".

Their eyes are for the most part brown, though blue eyes are not infrequent. Against such a dark skinthe latter shows up beautifully. To my notion, their whole appearance is ruined by their teeth. They indulge in the "beattle-nut" habit as do the people of the Philipines and India. This small nut is not harmful to the constitution, but it makes the lips a fiery red and the teeth a coal black. It gives you the impression that they have phyorrea, but it cannot be so because more than four out of five have it. The women do not need rouge because of it.

The old forts there rear their turrets at various places on the Island. An especially interesting one is the fort of San Juan de'Apra in Apra harbor. Its doors have been scaled for years and, as if to hide the structure, vines wind themselves about it. The walls were built with remarkable skill, especially the corners. Most of the prison and the turret have been eroded and have falled into decay, but the powder house and firing steps remain. The walks that once heard the rythm of a sentry's beat, and the crash of the evening gun are now the running place of lizards.

One cannot imagine the solitude and depression that surrounds it. All that beauty and grandeur which surrounded it yesterday has faded as the rose which dies and leaves its thorn.

The rolling hills inland are covered with thick vegetation, which is a deep green in a contrast to the sky and sea. Though it is not hard to penetrate, a thousand mysteries seem to surround it. The silent burial places of the dead who lived long ago are likely to come as a shock to one who has thoughts of lovelier things.

A great underground stream is the source of a great deal of wonder. Below the earth several hundred feet, the bats flit on mysterious errands and the spider weaves his never varying pattern. Light filters in at long intervals as the water swishes gently beneath. A similar formation is said to have occured at "Missionary Point" the perported abode of the devil "Tadamona." The only difference is the salt water in lieu of the fresh. Queer noises result from the action of the waves, so no wonder it is the home of a "haunt."

The Spanish, there everwarying, hyperbole are very amusing if one can understand a little of what they are saying. A great number of nearly pure blooded sons of Spain remain. They observe a great many of the old courtesies though: for the most part the people are blumt and uncouth.

The old fetes or fiestas are still quite the thing. The native drink, "aguendenta" aids the former. These parties are given for weddings, deaths, or some church holiday. One evening Teddy, Harold and I took the notion into our heads that we would like to see what the natives of San Antonio, the tough end of town, were doing. On the outskirts we heard snatches of foolish songs and the blat of ancient and discrepent instruments. Teddy went ahead to reconciter and we followed. Finally we reached the shacks from which the supposed music was issuing. All about it stood natives that were rapidly loosing their sense of balance. Something whissed out of the window and over my head to light with a crash. A "dead soldier." A man came out of the low door and passed a box, containing the beetle-nut, among his guests. Then a guitar struck up a plantive Spanish melody. If was readily joined by the accordian and saxaphone, which had been responsible for the hideous racket that had first met our ears.

Harold saw a gook whom he knew and we soon found ourselves within the hot, frail structure of the nipi bahai. People in various stages of drunkeness and undress were all about us. In the center of the tiny room stood the would-be music makers, while all about them reeled the dancers. In the corner sat the bride with her father on her left and her husband at her right. She wore the motley jewelry of many women and that was about all. A man reeled up to us with a handful of the inevitable beetle-nut. He did not like my looks so he started something and we lit out for home.

The religious faith of the Chamarro was regulated by the Spanish, who are catholics. Catholicism has furnished them many superstitions as it has in the Philippines. Doctor's who have studied them believe that "Tadamona" was invented to force the payment of church dues.

The Chamarros as a whole are not an exceedingly warlike race. The Pilipino is little better with the kaife, but he possesses a pugnacity and cunning that the Chamarro would not be proud to own. Chamarros will not work upon the same vessel with a Pilipino because the latter tries to bully them.

The Chamarros love music. This is not strange, as they are latins and latins seem possessed with a passion for it. A Chamarro on the "Gold Star" would set in a narrow companionway and commence to strum a guitar and perhaps a mandolin. In less than five minutes all the Chamarros not on duty would gather around with whatever instrument they owned. The fact that they were very rarely in tume did not make them hesitate.

Before I left the states, several naval officers kidded me about red hair. They told me that everyone with red hair was made a king upon reaching Guam. Of course I thought that it was mere buffunary and I laughed it off. When I got to Guam, all the natives would stare at me in wonder. Whenever I sat down outside of a doorway, the children would gather around with a very dumb and astonished look upon their faces. The real test came when I commenced a teacher's career. The Chamarroettes would not study, they would just look at my hair. My gaudy looks were better than any written passport known. I walked about the streets after dark and all of the natives I passed would suddenly shut up. I sometimes wonder what I ever did to deserve red hair.

The street to the rear of our house was usually filled with muchaches who played at strange games and shouted things which I imagine were very similar to those given by our American boys. One of their favorite games was played by placing a rook on a cleared space and placing a washer on it. Then they would stand back and try to knock the washer from the rock with similar washers.

The natives play a queer instrument called a "Billibutugun". It is about seven feet long and has a piece of bailing wire strung across it. They hold the wire taut by the spring of the stick and place the coccanut, which is nailed to the center of the stick on their stomachs. It is said that the larger the stomach, the better the tone. Maybe so, I heard a fellow play "Aint gonna rain no more" on the thing. Very "tin-panny," but quite recognizable.

One of the queer dances they have is the dance of the sticks.

Our houseboy, "Jaquin" claimed that he had seen the great ghost, "Tadamona," so I told him that I'd go down to Missionary (or Siesta) Point about midnight some night just to see if I could see him. I was half kidding and half in earnest. Should one live amongst people for a couple of months with little more to do than study the people, they might understand just how the firmest of scorr may be shaken.

The martial naval law of Guam is very strict and un-compromising. The Governor has the full power to make or break any law he chooses. The marines are always in serious fights that start over petty things. It is the tropics I guess.

Swimming is much the chief occupation of the officers and officer's family. The old swimming hole is at Piti where the water is deep and salty, and not infrequently covered with oil and tide slush. The place is protected from sharks and Barracuda because the channel is too shallow to admit them.

Our house is of great dimensions. It is very nicely laid out. It was not fully decorated until about three or four days before I left. Then it was beautiful. Parasites from banana trees grew on the wall and the green and buff of the furniture and walls matched them perfectly. Under soft yellow lights, the shiny black floors of eppel wood reflected everything. The windows are free from glass and are covered with screens.

The outer harbor is usually filled with sharks and other carvorne. I have watched them from the deck of the "Gold Star." One great fish swam lazily to and fro waiting for the garbage to be thrown out. His great fin protruded from the water now and then while he looked at the ship. With the aid of a pair of glasses, I saw his little yellow and black eyes rollust times. He even blinked. Sharks are the one fish that have lids over their eyes. I have recently read that sharks will not attack a human being. I think this to be decidely untrue. Although a Hawaiian may dive among them unharmed, I have heard of white mem loosing legs and arms and at times even killed outright. It is exceedingly queer that man make such queer statements just to appear " sage."

Guam, similar to Hawii is not supposed to have liquor for sale. It has small liquors like "tuba" and "aguendenta" openly for sale and all the rest of it underneath. A lager beer is bottled expressly for the government.

Guam is heavily fortified compared to the rest of the Ladrone Islands that belong to Japan.

Got up at six. She's a roll on the way to Piti. Went aboard at 6:45 A.M. Breakfasted aboard. 8:00 Nother and Dad went ashore on Film boat. Weighed anchor and left Guam. Dropped Pilot Decker. Waves high an reef.

12:00 - Luggage arranged to liking. My room-mates are Dick Derickson and Jerry Curtis. Nice chaps. Dick is from Seattle too. He was at Camp Parsons the same time that I was. In 1925.

4:00 - Had a good sleep. Looked the bridge over. Dinner. Saw "Three Paces East."
View a beautiful moon come up, and felt rather lonely. The cloud effect was gorgeous.
The moon looked like an illuminated globe and then it dived under a cloud to begin its task of riding the sky. Bed, sweet bed. My foot looks better but it is still painful Doctor said it would still be exposed to infection. It had better heal before I get to Hawaii.

Sunday 17, 1927. Aboard U.S.S. Nitro --

Got up though it is Sunday. That is not even regarded on this man's ship. 9:00 - Straightened up room and visited sick boy. Lt. Com. Welden, the exec. told us to appoint some one to take charge of the quarters. We appointed Jerry or rather sentenced him. I'm on tomorrow. These Filipino hombres sure are nasty, but they won't stay that way long. Our floor is sadly is need of a mopping. I'll see to it tomorrow. Chow is good and the officers are nice though I see little of them. My foot is better. The Medic probed it again.

Our room is o.k. I slept below but tonight I'm going above. I take two baths a day so it takes a deal of Bandage and alcohol.—Hard to keep the old place straight. Plenty of drawer space. Haven't read much. I'm going to study history tomorrow. --- There is a soda fountain aboard though I don't inhabit the place. These bailors sure are "Acey Ducey" fiends all day long. -- Lots of watermellon available, I guess.

9:00 P.W. - I'll turn in now for I'm very tired with the old dog on the "Fritz."

July 18, 1927. ---- Almost got rained on last night. Good sleep too. Broke out Blaz's fruit from the chill room. -- The bananas are green but they'll ripen. The alligator pears are ripe, and very good. We brought up a small bunch of bananas, a cocoanut and a pear. Jerry is still in bed and it is ten. Dick and I were up at six. Sure miss Guam. Good show tonight. --- My foot feels fine.

July 19,1927. ---- At six this morning we came below so the gobs could wash down the deck and as I had a headache I turned in down below. Dick was the "middie" for the day. (We have the title now." and he did not wake Jerry or me for show so we slept until eleven. Now, every day, we have had the room ready for inspection and not a soul has looked us over, but today at ten it seems the captain came poking around and found the room in terrible shape so he reported us to the exec who sent for Dicl (who had been up since six) to cappet him. Then Dick came back and routed us out as the exec had ordered us to appear before him as soon as possible. He sure seemed mad. Jerry and I were respectful but he sure bawled us out. Then we came back and fixed the room to the guards. Sure did shine but he wouldn't even look at it. ----- My foot feels great. I can walk without limping, but it is still sore on top. -- Played my sax but got no complaint. It is working nicely. (The sax) The place sure looks nice now. Dick and I have been reading up on Atheism. a terrible thing to make an issue of. Something is at the bottom of it. I'll find out in the states. -- It turned a little chilly but not cool enough for blues. I've been up on the bridge several times. Jerry has atrocious manners and the Warrants don't like him. He's sloppy and so is his dunnage. --- Dick and I are both from Seattle and were both in camp at the time of the source in '25. We lived two houses apart in Washington D. C. and are both going to Anapolis, the same year. He'll go to W. Seattle High. We both know Bevis Kettelle in Cavite who is a sax bug. Awful movie tonight. Both Dick and Jerry are homesick etc, but they can be cheered up, which is something as neither is far from weeping. The Warrants have been kidding us that we stop at Wake Island so we'd better write. Ha. -- To bed because of what the exec told us. I'm sleeping under a 5-inch gun tonight.

July 20, 1927. --- Aboard Mitro at Sea. Calm, Cirrus clouds on horizon. 2276 to go last night at 8:00 Chaumant 602 miles astern P.S.C. 77 one hour advanced. -- Sighted Wake Island about 10:30. Went fishing with exec. Many fish. That is the only reason we stopped. Very rough. We almost dove a few times. The punt that the whaleboat towed had trouble staying away from the ship's exhaust. Exec caught 8 fish, four of which got away. --- The place if very low on the horison, the highest point being 21 feet. The beach is very deadlying. It looks very gradual but is actually perpendicular. It is almost a horse-shoe in shape as a big lagoon rests in the dip. Many strange and beautiful birds are in evidence. They are so tame that they will not move though they are sitting on their eggs. All the nests are on the ground as the highest shrub is 8 feet. There are about 8 square miles in the place. The fish look at you fearlessly and should you throw a rock at them, they would flock around it to see what it was. Mr. Borne eaught a bird and had his picture taken with it, then he let it go. A marine Lieut. named Edgar Allen Poe is aboard collecting material for a book. He went swiming in the lagoon. The Nitro stook on and off about a mile out waiting for us all the while as it was too deep to anchor. The water there is so intensely blue that a jug of it is slightly tinted. The bottom was 30 fathoms down and it looked as thought it were four feet. Very beautiful and covered with sea life; coral, (dead and living) and fish. Sharks and Barracuda are all around .-- There are two houses for the shipwrecked and two water tanks which are filled by the geodetic survey every three months. The fish in the lagoon are plentiful and multi-colored. They looked like a forth of July parade. Lucky no ladies were around today. The exec sure can swear. -- About twenty went akhore and most of the officers fished while the men towed then around. desolate place. Nothing, not even a palm breaks the sky. Beautiful weird elouds are always upon the horison and not a sail breaks its line. All day long the birds wheel but they rarely scream, as if they were afraid of breaking the gripping silence. A shipwrecked mariner would not be worth saving after two weeks of this. --- Under way at 2:00. Ahoy, you Hawaiians.

July 21, 1927. -- Mothing doing today except a fight over the Dempsey-Sharkey bout. Very dead and nearly everyone has lost the old gift of gab pro-tem.

July 22, 1927/ -- Today is Friday. This morning I got up early to study. Tomorrow will also be today.

July 22, 1927. Bright cracks are floating around such as "What was I doing at this time today?" It seems queer to be seven days out of Guam but not to have had a week pass. We pass 180 degrees at 12:00 midnight, the INN.D.T.L. --- A good many of the crew are out their pay for months to come because of this fight. --- There is a fountain aboard and yesterday I saw a monster of a man, old navy style with all the brawn, licking an ice cream cone. Ha. Thus is the navy. The efficiency aboard is great, another haw.

July 23, 1927. While I was on the bridge with Mr. Mcrory today he sighted what turned out to be a spar. He thought it was a derelice and was already to threttle the engines. I went down into the engine room today where I received a very cordial welcome. These engines can turn out 20,000 M.P. and then some. The revs. of the propl are 105 p/m. on the average making a speed of 13.5 to 14.7. The engines themselves are the new oil turbines. The two huge condensers are larger than the engines, strange as it may seem. The ice plant is a marvel but I don't like the white, porous ice it turns out. It is clean and cold though so I should kick. The propellar shafts are larger than the Madison's. If this ship is the cream of the naval duty, I'll sure stick to milk. The officers work about an hour and then sit around and look bered. The enlisted personnel bear the brunt of the work. I guess responsibility offsets it though.

July 24, 1927. Here it is Sunday. No church though, and though I rarely go, the fact I couldn't made me want to. I read the new testiment clear through. Mr. Mason (he's about 22nd ensign) had me on the bridge at eight telling me all about the constellations. Never in my life have I seen such beauties. The sky is alive with them. The "Milky Way" looks like a white cloud. Tonight says goodbye to the moon. I wish it had waited until we get to Honolulu. Live never seen anything like it. The Southern Cross" was wonderful, but not like I thought it would be. I think that the "Swan" is more like a cross. One gets sentimental over the stars without the

moon anywhere. I looked at "Vega" through a glass. It sure can change its color. "Venus" has been up several nights. "Jupitor" is rather faint. The former is so bright that it outlines clouds and can be seen reflected in the water.

July 25, 1927. -- Today I was the first to sight port of the Hawaiian Islands. It. Brown said I might climb up to the lockout in the crow's next. He also told me to wake the lockout up, as there was land off the port bow. I said "Aye Aye" and got off the bridge. A moment later found me staring up the forward mast which locked ungodly high. I overcame a nervous tremor and climbed a rope up to the steel ladder rather than get around the greasy stuff surrounding the mast. Hiee prospect a fall was. Then I tackled the first fifty feet of ladder. It surely locked and felt unsubstantial. About half way up I thought I'd never been so nervous before. After that ladder came an even smaller steel ladder. Up I went all confidence by this time. In a moment I reached the nest and sure emough there was the lockout reading a "Western Story." He invited me to climb in. The last in itself is worse than the rest of it all put together. One has to dangle with nothing under him and work half way around to the other edge. Over the side of the box I swang and then in. My God what a relief! The deck was doing all sorts of eracy things, as some sea was running. There had been quite a bit of breeze for days, but today it was awful. Going up it nearly blew me off twice. ----- Sure enough there was the land. I sighted it as 2 points off the port bow through to the bridge. Then I skiddled down. Scared? I hepe to sneer. Then after I got down I really was weak.

July 26, 1927. Saw the city of Monolulu this morning as we went into Pearl Marbor Mavy Yard. Very nice to see the place again. We could not go ashore until the customs came aboard and they never came so we went at one P.M. A little later I found myself landing at the sub-base and walking to the train station. After a fifteen minutes ride on the puffy little train we were in Monolulu. I went out to the Moana with Dick and Jerry. We went our ways.

July 27, 28, 29th.

Today all were back aboard ship by nine A.M. as we sailed at ten. I did not take many pictures in Hawaii as I found there are few to be taken. Compared to Guam the place is not tropical enough to be pretty or Northern enough to have beautiful scenery; hence I returned to the ship with the Kidak still empty. I did a lot of swimming and the Hass' took me around quite a little. I got to see the "Pali". It surely is awe-inspiring. A thousand feet straight down and such a wind! Glad we are under weigh again. Paid my mess bill, it came to more than I thought it would. However the show is swell.

July 50, 1927. I'm recuperating from my shore leave today. Hope I can recover.

Mily 31, 1927. About ten I put some tennis shoes en and went up to the crow's nest. so sensation at all. In fact I never noticed the deck's antics. Dick and I had a lot of picture to take up thereaand we took them. Hope they turn out goed. Gee, I'm lasy.

Aug. 1, 1927. Here it is August and still at sea. We arrive Friday night the sixth. Shot a half rell this mern on the quarter deck. Dick and I opened the breach of an "archie" because we thought the plug was out. It was not and we could not figure how the devil it went shut. The gunners mate came up and showed us in detail. Very nice chap. So we learned about "archies" from him. Theyer are a whole lot of guns on this boat. I saw a list of the munitions we are taking back with us. Ahem?

Aug. 2,1927 ---- Last night a pinion shaft in the reduction gear of the Starboard engine went blotto. Today we are limping along doing but 11 knots which is dangerous as the boilers must carry 40 lbs. extra of steam. It can't be fixed until we reach Bremerton. Two engines turn each of the two preps. 105 rev. p.m. which gives us the speed of 14.2 knots. One prop turning at 105 rpm. sends us at a speed of 11 knots. Seems queer. Since we left Honelulu it has become colder hourly. The officers wear blue coats and white pants. Tomorrow they change to blue. For the last four days it has been calm. Little wind and a glassy sea have prevailed. Looks bad. About dusk tonight we passed a two stack passenger boat going south. Seven miles on starboard Four bells, alls well.

Aug. 3, 1927. Slept below for the first time last night. Seemed dreadfully stuffy. We are using blankets now. At one today the three of us went on an impromptu tour of inspection through the engine and fire rooms. Very interesting.

Lieut. Shotwell has been ill since the thirteenth with malaria and gastritus. He is better now but very pale. -- Gee these Filipino boys are the weeds being grouchy and insolent. I am finishing the last of Blaz's box sure was fine of him.

Aug. 4, 1927. A Philipino died outside our door last night. Sure is good to be getting near home. Lots of sea-gulls this morning. We're running abreast the Ore. Coast.

Aug. 5, 1827 - Dick is almost beside himself with the suspense. Jerry is getting that dreamy look in his eyes again. I'm not so calm myself. Went up in the crow's next this morning, futile attempt.

Aug. 6, 1927 -- We pull in tonight. This fog is awful. We almost hit Port Townsend because of it. Ships all around us. Seems like a ghost sea. Cannot see midships from the bridge. Thank the Lord there's Bremerton. I guess the whole fleet is in Seattle Bay. I had fun exchanging gossips as we lay outside waiting for the tug.